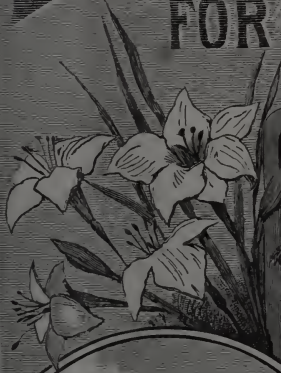


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# LIFE AND LIGHT FOR WOMAN.



MAY, 1883.  
BOSTON, CHICAGO, AND SAN FRANCISCO.  
PUBLISHED IN BOSTON.

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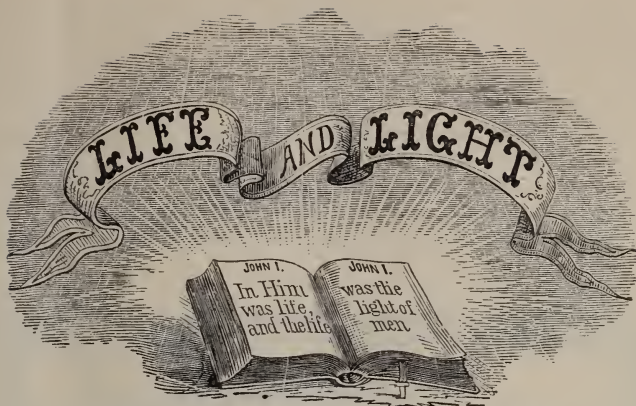
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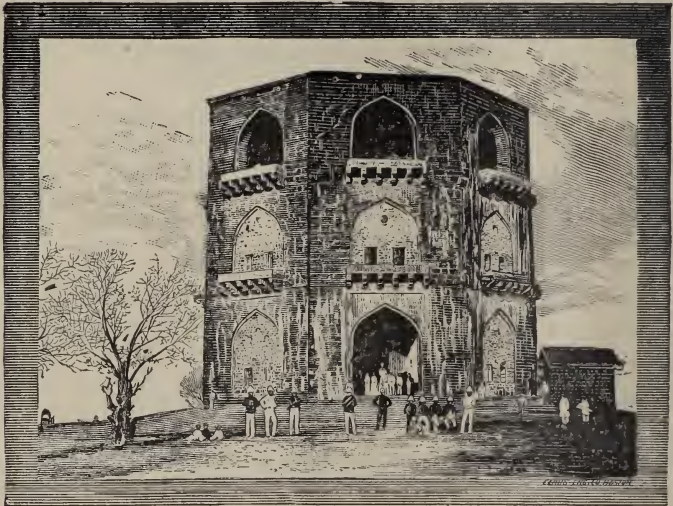
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### INDIA.

#### “HELP THOSE WOMEN.”

It has been said that however degraded women may be, to what depths of slavery they may be reduced, they still wield a great power over husbands, brothers, and sons, and consequently over the affairs of the world. Among the Mussulmans, especially in the early annals of India, women often rose to positions of great power and influence. It is said that the enthusiasm of the Mussulman conquerors was roused to the highest pitch by their women. “The women went with them to battle. They played timbrels, and they sang songs. They urged the men to fight. They drove back the faint-hearted by taunts and revilings. Meanwhile, the blood of the Arab hero was warmed not only by a burning zeal for God and his prophet, but by visions of the ‘houris’ of paradise. If he escaped with victory, he would be caressed by the fairest women in the camp; if he perished, he would be received in the arms of heavenly beauties. Many a dying hero has drawn his last breath with a smile, dreaming that his ‘houris’ were waving their green veils to welcome him as their loved bridegroom.” In the days of the Moguls it is well known that no ruler wielded a more powerful influence than the beautiful Nur Jehan, whose tomb, the exquisite Taj Mahal, is the wonder of the world.

Other lesser lights have also borne no unimportant part in the government of India. On a high hill not far from the city of Ahmednagar, there stands at the present day a fine structure known as "Chand Bibi's Mahal." It is a lofty and imposing building, and is the first object to meet the eye in approaching the city. About half a century after Ahmednagar was founded, Chand Bibi was the reigning queen, the sultan having died, leaving no son old enough to be crowned in his stead. During her reign the fort was besieged, and a breach made in the wall. Chand Bibi commanded the army in person, and defended the breach until



CHAND BIBI'S MAHAL.

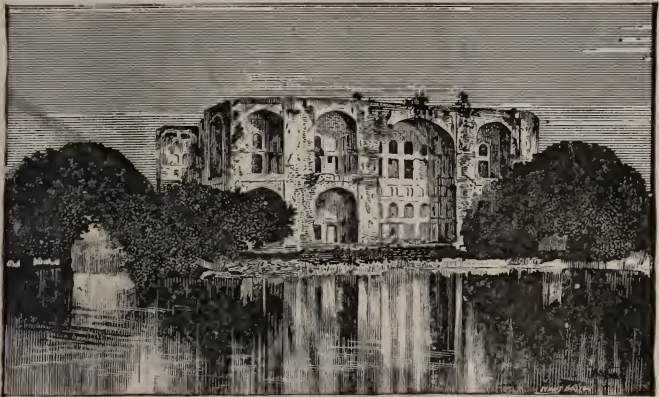
assistance came from Bijapore, and Ahmednagar was saved. She wore a veil over her face, and was known as "The Lady of the Veil." After the victory enemies among her own people spread the report that she had betrayed them, and the infuriated mob forced their way into the palace and assassinated her.

It is not alone in beautiful mausoleums that women have been honored in India. Elegant palaces also attest the desire of the old rulers to provide good things for their households. One of these, Phari Bag, in Ahmednagar, is a most charming place, surrounded

as it is by clumps of trees with an artificial lake. The name “phari” is the same as the Persian word “peri,” and it is indeed a fairy-like spot. Strangely enough, in 1832 this palace was occupied by two Christian missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Graves; and from this heathen dwelling went forth the ambassadors of the meek and lowly Jesus, to persuade men and women to become subjects of their king. Latterly it has been allowed to fall into decay, until it has become unsafe for visitors.

In strong contrast with these imposing buildings are the unsightly Hindu burning-places and Mussulman burying-grounds. Near the former are many little tomb-like structures, each bearing a certain symbol to show that there a Hindu widow had been burned with her husband. These are not only found here, but all over India, wherever Hindus have lived.

There are always certain signs to show whether a Mohammedan



PHARI BAG.

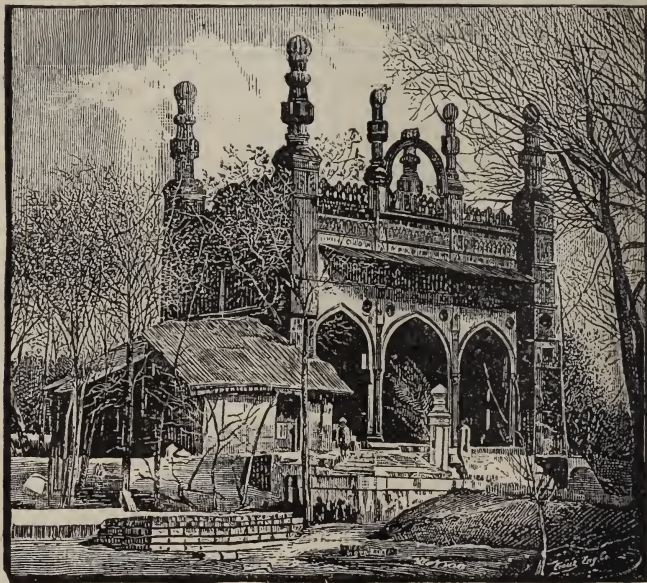
tomb contains a man or a woman. Over the woman's tomb is a blank tablet; over the man's a pen-box. This is to show that the wife's mind must be a blank, except as her husband writes upon it.

On a lonely hill a few miles out of Nagar stands the “Tower of Silence,” where the Parsees dispose of their dead. For the Parsee ladies there is no burning pile or tomb. Their bodies must be exposed to the vultures, on the “Tower of Silence;” and the thought of this is a constant terror to them all their lives. When

they become ill they beg the medical attendant to save them from that dreadful place.

It is reported that a young Parsi girl, supposed to be dead, was carried there. As the bearers deposited the body on the grating the girl showed signs of returning life. They hastened back and reported to the father that his daughter was not dead. He told them to do their duty; and they did do it by dispatching her with hatchets.

Shining out among these gloomy structures are many interesting masjids, or mosques. One of these, called "Damadi Masjid," is so named because the poor people contributed the money for building it, each one giving a small coin called a *damadi*, many being given by women from their scanty store.



DAMADI MASJID.

To such women as these, in India, so capable of power and influence, and yet so painfully degraded, we are called upon to send an uplifting, purifying, regenerating Christianity, that shall make them a power for eternity. Can we refuse to do it? N. F. S.

## JAPAN.

## LETTER FROM MISS COLBY.

\* \* \* I THINK the great temptation of the worker on heathen ground is to contrast the surroundings with the luxuries of American life, and to feel that the friends at home cannot enter into, nor appreciate, our lives. It seems to be a mental malaria that poisons the life before the patient is aware of it, but which seems to be uniformly counteracted by a visit to that wonderful land.

I am preparing a little speech to give the women of Korijama, — where the former beloved teacher of our school is now preaching, — and one of the thoughts that has been uppermost is to show to them the love of their far-away American sisters. If the good that I hope should not result, the work will not be entirely lost, for it has dispelled much of the selfish fog that was almost shutting out of sight everything but the work directly at my hand, and quickened my love for you who are working so earnestly for this same great cause in the home-land. But all of you do not know, you cannot know, what a blessed land it is. It seems to me that no one who has not lived in a heathen country can appreciate the blessings of a Christian community, and that people who simply visit heathen lands know very little of the feelings of those whose home, year after year, is in the midst of heathenism.

We have had our winter's vacation, and the school has commenced again, with a loss of four or five, who, however, have good excuses for remaining away, and promise a future return. The boarding-department has its full number — twenty-two. It is very cold, and our school-room, although very pleasant in warm weather, is an exceedingly uncomfortable place on a cold, windy day. I do not wonder that the children who have wealthy homes at some distance from school, find excuses to wait until the weather is warmer.

I heard yesterday that the Osaka Government has been watching this school very closely, and are proposing to start girls' schools throughout the city. This is now the only one under Japanese management. There is a rule that all children must attend a three-years' course in the primary schools, and shall study the prescribed course taught by a teacher who has received a Japanese diploma, and that no other studies shall be taught; but children have been allowed to come to this school, which is not conducted according to rule. Our Christians are now feeling that this school must conform to the rule, and there are many plans in the air, which we are praying may result in advancing the usefulness of the school.

The thought sometimes comes that perhaps it will have to give way before the free schools; but if it has stimulated the city to encourage female education, it will have accomplished a great deal that will prepare the way for the churches.

The Government calendars all have the Sabbaths recorded on them, while they are ornamented with pictures of their heathen deities, and the Sabbath is kept as a holiday by all Government officials: the schools are also closed. Japan is still very far from being a Christian nation, but it seems to me a great promise that the Christian Sabbath is recognized. The majority of the people, however, pay no attention to it. I was invited last Sabbath to go to the governor's house, as there was to be a fencing match. It was urged that it was too good a chance to lose to become better acquainted with the governor and his wife. I thought of the many times I had listened to just such arguments in lands that are called Christian. Of course I did not go.

\* \* \* Last evening, as I commenced this letter, I said to one of the girls who was suffering severely from a cough and cold, "Study in my room, this evening;" but she replied there was to be a meeting, which she wished to attend. It is a very common thing for the boarders to have prayer-meetings, especially if there is any trouble. I was eager to write to you, but that meeting came between every line till I was drawn into the school-room. Miss Gardner and I had been fearing there was jealousy among the girls; but how was I gladdened to see the one from whom we were sure the trouble sprang the leader of the meeting! After several prayers for guidance and strength, the girls—there were sixteen, besides the matron—proceeded to talk over the annoyances in such a happy, Christian way, that my heart overflowed with thankfulness.

On the first of November I felt called to open a meeting in a locality quite remote from any preaching-place. There was one solitary Christian family there who, it seemed to me, were keeping their "light under a bushel." When I asked for permission to hold meetings at that house, the lady said I could not get any hearers, as the neighbors were very strong idol-worshippers; nevertheless she gave her consent. The first meeting was only a communion of a few Christian women, who went a long way to attend. One dear old lady, over seventy years of age, walked more than a mile to encourage us. I knew these women could not attend every week, and when the time came around again, O Kane San, my Bible-woman, and I went over, feeling that the prospect was very discouraging; but our hearts were full of prayer that we might win followers in the Christian way. No one was there, and the



lady said there was no use in trying to have a meeting. I knew I could draw a crowd on the street, at least; so I stood in front of the house, and tried to say something pleasant to the children who came around me. O Kane San went to the neighboring houses, and told the women that an American woman wanted to talk to them; and soon I entered the house followed by twenty-nine children, six or seven women, and one man. Perhaps you think, after gaining such an audience, that my anxiety was over, and that I had no trouble in talking to them. How I longed to talk to them! I did say a good many words, but at the end of every thought I stopped, to ask them if they understood. I often had to get O Kane San to explain my ideas; and after awhile I told them that she could talk so much better, that I should leave it to her. About the same number have continued to come, and every week I have learned a little speech to say to them.

Last Tuesday I was glad to see the children, as I appeared, run and cry to each other, as if pleased, "The foreigner has come." I went in immediately, followed by seventy, and soon the room, veranda, and hall were filled to crowding, so that one of the doors fell out. I did not have time to count, but there must have been over a hundred. Such a Babel! I told them I could not talk unless they were quiet, and a large boy called out, "Be quiet!" and several others echoed, "Be quiet!" and they were so officious that I could only get quiet by interesting these. In singing, these forward ones sang so fast, and screamed so loud, evidently proud of their achievement, that it was some minutes before I could make myself heard; but at length I made them understand that they must sing softly. Although such a turbulent crowd, I was greatly impressed with their evident desire to please me. I asked to have the women go into another room, but they wanted to stay and hear the foreigner. After my little speech I told the boys they must go away. Matsuye San, the young woman who came of her own will to help, gathered a crowd of girls around her, and O Kane San the women, while I went to the front of the house to draw away the boys. This is scattering the seed broadcast; but I rejoice that I am only to sow the seed as I can, while God will care for the increase.

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TURKEY.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF ARMENIA.

BY MRS. S. W. WHEELER.

I WISH you could have come into my parlor this afternoon, and have seen with your own eyes the women who came to our missionary meeting.

I had removed all the movable furniture except the chairs and a small table, and opened the double doors to the back parlor. My faith was small as to the reports we should have, as I knew every one felt poor, from failures and hard times. There is a heavy debt on the city church, and up to this time we are not able to interest the women to come from the villages. They cannot understand why they should give money not to be used in their own villages or cities, when they must need it as much as any other place can.

The meeting was to be at one o'clock, but the women began to come by half-past eleven. I soon found I had not half enough seats for even the older ladies. We always expect most of them to sit on the floor, but unless we remove all the chairs it is difficult to decide where the line should be drawn. The room was soon filled, and yet others kept coming till the back parlor was partly full. Horepsima Hanum opened the meeting with reading and singing, then called upon a sister to lead in prayer. The secretary then read her report of the spring meeting. It was well written, and reflected great credit on Miss Sara Medyadurian, one of the teachers in our school, and a member of our first graduating class, who finish their course next July. I am sure you would ask for no better evidence of the work your teachers are doing in Armenia College, than to have witnessed the performance of this young lady. The treasurer reported what I had feared in regard to the city society: it had gone backward instead of forward. Miss Anna Chedigian, also a teacher, and a member of the present senior class, reported for the "Daughters of Armenia," and we were made glad by hearing they had increased in numbers and gifts. Mrs. Barnum reported for "The Star in the East;" and although our three older girls had gone to the home-land, to enrich some other circles, and we have but few working members, yet this society has never done so well before.

We keep one-half the money of our society for a library, to loan necessary books to the girls in the college. We have already over eighty volumes, which are a great help to poor girls whose parents find it hard to pay even one-half for board. These girls would not be in school without this aid, for no pupil is received without the required books. The other half is divided into thirds — one-third for a Koordish girl; one for the female department of the college, providing for an orphan; and the other goes to Boston, for the Woman's Board.

Our hearts were made glad by a report of a new society formed in the Freshman class and the boarders in the first preparatory class, taking the name "Newly Rising Star." "Little Drops of

Water" and "Little Grains of Sand" have not done so well as usual, for reasons that could not be controlled. It will be long before we can reach the outlying cities and villages. Miss Bush gave us some interesting statements from her tours, but all the outside people think their own work needs what they can do. When our present school-girls go out as laborers in outside places, we shall hope for enlargement in that direction. The women here are working up to their individual responsibility, and learning to give from Christian principle. The amount of money raised in such a land as this, where women have so little to use as they please, must be small for years; but the influence on our girls cannot be appreciated by those who have never lived in such a land. We are often cast down, but not disheartened. The earnestness with which Horepsima Hanum spoke to the women, placing before them their duties in trying to reach others, was inspiring to us, who for twenty-five years have felt the weight of this work.

I feel sure, as I look back over the three years since we first formed our society, that God has been with us, and that his Spirit moved us to make the effort. Could our friends at home come and travel over these hills, valleys, and mountains with Miss Bush and Miss Seymour, sleep in cold, filthy stables, as they do, go with them to the homes where the gospel which is to elevate woman is trying to enter, you would feel, as we do, that the work is difficult, and that we need your most earnest prayers.

The Armenians in many parts of this region are so oppressed by the Government, that they have little courage to arouse to anything higher in the scale of manhood. I have often felt that if I were in some of these wretched, dismal homes I should fast descend in the scale of civilization. The only thing that seems to have kept them from destruction, as a nation, in the midst of the Turks, is their strong religious nature. They seem to be capable of a high degree of culture and refinement. Perhaps we may never find among them our sturdy Saxon perseverance, so greatly needed for the best progress; but I cannot believe that God has led them thus far, to leave them to be devoured by the Turks, and finally be crushed out. The Greek Church would welcome them to her fold. Russia seems to threaten some of the cities and villages of Northern Armenia. It is better for our work to be under the Moslem than the Russian. When we try to look into the near future, it is restful to feel sure that Infinite Wisdom rules in both Russia and Turkey — that we are ambassadors of the King of kings, who watches over all that is necessary to carry forward the kingdom of his Son to final victory.

A few weeks later, Mrs. Wheeler sends a draft for fifteen dollars and ninety-three cents, and writes:—

This may seem a small amount to you, but to us who have the work of interesting the women, it is large. There are women in our city community who ought to give ten times as much as they do; but you know people do not often give as much as we collectors think they ought. We have enough to support one girl in school, and aid two from Koordistan, who will come when the mountain roads open in the spring. We hope, also, to help a little Syrian girl in this city. She comes to the preparatory department of the College. Mr. Wheeler gave her tuition, we ladies helped to books and clothes, and her mother promised that her brother, who is also in the male preparatory department, should bring her food. Her home was in a suburban village, too far for her to walk in the winter. This sweet, bright Sophia lived most of the time on dry bread. When the cold weather came we found that she failed in her lessons. When we asked why it was, she said, "I study just as hard as I used to, but I cannot remember my lessons." The tears filled her eyes, and we knew she told the truth.

Not long afterward one of the teachers came to us and said, "I think Sophia is hungry, and that is the reason she fails in her lessons; she has only dry bread to eat."

I called her brother, a boy of thirteen, and said to him, "Menos, when your mother put Sophia in school, she said she would send her food."

"I always bring her food," was the answer.

"But the teachers say she eats dry bread most of the time. Can you study on dry bread?"

"Yes, Hanum; I have enough to eat, and I always bring my sister what I have."

"Don't you have one warm meal a day this cold weather?" I asked.

"We cannot have a warm meal a day," he said in a husky voice, as the tears filled his eyes.

Dear boy; I can never forget the noble look on his face when he insisted that he could live on dry bread, and study. He has a brother fifteen years old, whom Mr. Wheeler recommended to the people of Hesperik, as a teacher during the winter. Their widowed mother can find but little work in the winter; in the summer she bleaches coarse cloth for a living. They all possess talent, and we are sure it will pay to help them. The board has been obliged to cut off a large part of the money asked for this college. What shall we do? We, too, will eat dry bread before we will shut our doors against such promising pupils. We press

the people to give all the time, but the Government is so oppressive they are demoralized.

The longer we are missionaries, the more we are convinced that only with the help of Him who died for the world, can we hope for success. Satan is firmly entrenched in his stronghold. He will not give up with a single skirmish, nor with the demolishing of a few of his castles. There must be a hand-to-hand conflict, not only in foreign lands, but also in the dear home-land. We must gird on the whole armor, and when we have done all, stand. Yes, when we have done all; not before can we hope for success when we stand. The Week of Prayer has quickened some, and we shall see fruits, in additions to the church; but the thorough moving of the Spirit, the deep, heart-searching work needed in this city and community, has not yet come. The interest in the college is hopeful. The Christians seem to be taking a higher stand, and new ones are seeking Christ. Several will unite with the church in March.

We all send our loving salutations to the home-workers.

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## Young People's Department.

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### GLEANINGS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

Our young readers will be glad to hear some of the first experiences of some of the young workers who have gone to their various mission-fields the past year, and form some idea of their surroundings. The first to go were

Misses Harding and Fairbanks, who started for India May 6th. The following has been received from Miss Fairbanks:—



**B**OD prospered us on our voyage, and brought us in health and safety to these shores. Many things looked familiar which, for thirteen years, had been dim recollections. As we stepped on the Bombay wharf, on the evening of July 3d, in the midst of a heavy shower, my heart's prayer arose that our coming to India might help some blinded souls. We were welcomed most cordially by a large company of missionaries and friends, who came to the

steamer even in the storm. We did not remain long in Bombay, but we were able to visit Mrs. Edward Hume's school, and meet many of the Christians there. I often looked upon the crowds

and crowds of people thronging the streets, and wondered when the light of the gospel would illuminate those darkened faces—Bombay seemed such a wide field, with only a handful of sowers and reapers to do the great work; but remembering the parable of the mustard-seed, I rebuked myself for my doubts.

From Bombay we came to Ahmednagar, by railway, a distance of about one hundred and seventy miles. The missionaries all greeted us, as they only understand meeting those who come to their help. It was a great delight to me to see the nice school-house. When I arrived I went to it as soon as possible, and my heart warmed toward the rows of dusky children with bright black



A MISSION-HOUSE IN AHMEDNAGAR.

eyes. As we passed by each room, all of them quickly rose and said their salaams, which is the universal salutation. Oh, how glad I should have felt if my poor tongue could have pronounced those strange sounds!

There are one hundred and fifty girls in the school. All those who come in from the villages live in houses belonging to the mission—about ten in each house, with a Christian widow, who oversees and cares for them. The girls grind their own grain, and cook for themselves. Each house has a quiet room for prayer.

\* \* \* Since coming to Ahmednagar I have been, in company with Mrs. Bissell and Miss Harding, to the city jail. The women

gathered about us, and I was struck with the pleasant faces of some of them. One of them, the youngest, only about sixteen years of age, had been guilty of alluring a child out of the city, stripping it of its ornaments, and pushing it into a well. She was learning to read, as were several others. Their faces showed a good deal of interest and eagerness. When Mrs. Bissell read from the Bible, and told them how they might never suffer from eternal punishment, she touched the right cord, and I could see some hiding their tears. Then they sang together songs they had learned.

One very old woman was sitting apart, but my eyes often went toward her, because her eyes seemed to speak of her soul's thirst. She had a verse to repeat, but her lips faltered over the name of Jesus Christ. After repeated efforts she said, sorrowfully, "Your God's name does not come to me." I felt my own eyes filling. God alone could supply her need. As Mrs. Bissell prayed earnestly for them I felt that many of them were in tears. My own heart was strangely joyful at the power of the love of God in such hardened, guilty souls. Since I came away I have learned that these women have prayers. They have agreed among themselves that before they go to sleep one of their number shall pray aloud, and they keep up this practice; indeed, they taught a new one who came in how to pray. Many such scenes are recurring in the houses of the high and low castes. Such is the power of Christ! Oh, pray for them, that they may have courage to leave their past, their friends, and their caste, for His sake.

Do you ever think we ask your prayers too often? Does not a child ask its mother for food, and what it most needs? Sometime when we look about us and see the condition of these people, we feel that only earnest, faithful, heartfelt prayer can save them from the power of sin. The Holy Spirit comes for the asking, and it is our greatest need; so we ask you over and over again to give us this help. When we were tossing about in a storm on the Atlantic, we prayed often to our God. Whenever any doubts or misgivings arose in my mind, I thought of those who promised to pray for us, and I felt so sure that God would hear the prayer. So while we are working here, will you let us have the strong assurance that you are praying for us, and then our hearts will take courage, and be glad; the work, too, will prosper, and be blest.

In a personal letter received from Miss Harding, she says:—

These first two months of missionary life have passed quickly and delightfully. These interior stations have been good places for study, and there is no lack of incentive in gaining the language. When I meet these poor heathen girls, it seems to me I cannot wait

to learn it in the natural way, but that I must at once speak to them of what the religion of Christ can do for them. \* \* \* During the first week in August, Miss Fairbanks and I spent two or three days with Mrs. Bissell, and were able to visit together the girls' school, to which our hearts turn most earnestly in these days of preparation. Surely, no word of commendation is needed in regard to the work Mrs. Bissell is doing there; and while we are glad to lighten in a measure the heavy burden of care which she now carries, it will be with a feeling of great weakness, and with many misgivings, that we shall take up the work in her stead. Surely, if we go not in the strength of the Lord, we shall utterly fail; but with him all things are possible, and on this we rest.



SMYRNA.

Miss Page, who sailed June 28, writes of her first impressions of Smyrna as follows:—

\* \* \* When we landed upon the quay, the scene was truly picturesque. There were Turks with turbans and the scarlet fez, loafing and smoking their long pipes; there were Greek and



Armenian priests in their black robes and tall caps; there was a group of Jesuits; there were Europeans and Albanians, beggars, custom-house officers, donkey-boys with their donkeys, huge stacks of melons piled up on the quay, camels loaded with fruit, and — a horse-car!



MISSION-HOUSES AT FOOCOW.

\* \* \* Smyrna is closely associated with St. John and his disciples. From my window I look upon the tree that marks the spot of Polycarp's martyrdom. It is on the side of the hill Mt. Pagus, which rises back of the city. There are old rags and bits of clothing tied to the lower branches of the tree; for some of the

people believe that they will be cured of their diseases by sending some part of their dress to Polycarp's tomb. From the hill, there is a fine view of the city and the bay. The city could not have a better situation. It has a fine harbor, and vessels from all parts of the world come in constantly. Nature has made it an attractive spot; but here, as in every part of the East, the sin of man has despoiled and defiled the fair prospect. The streets are full of dreadful-looking men and women. On Sunday the shops are open; women dress up and sit in their doorways for gossip; the coffee-houses are filled with smokers, and drinkers, and men shaking dice and playing cards. As it is more of a holiday than any other it is extremely noisy; organ-grinders come under our very windows while we are at service, and venders of goods cry out their wares.

The Turks are not in the majority in Smyrna — they are barely half the population. They live by themselves, on the slope of Mt. Pagus. There are groves of cypress-trees in their quarter, which mark their cemeteries, and minarets rise up beside the mosques like tall, white sentinels, from which come the calls to prayer. The Jews live near them by themselves, and the Greeks and Armenians occupy the central parts of the city. It is among them that our house is situated, as our work is among them chiefly. The church is a new one, just dedicated. It is a very pretty little stone building, and seems like a bit of America in its style. There are good congregations every Sabbath, and about eighty-five members of the church.

Miss Harris writes from Foochow:—

On Tuesday morning, October 10th, we had our first sight of Japan. I can give you no idea how glad I was to see land once more, and the hour of waiting, after our steamer stopped out a little way from shore, was very trying to me. It was the first time I was called upon to note that in these Eastern countries things do not move so fast as in America. Wednesday we had anticipated visiting Tokio, and the beautiful temples there, but we were deterred by a severe storm of wind and rain. We could but be thankful that we were not on the water. On Thursday afternoon we took up life on a steamer again. The eight days from Yokohama to Shanghai were broken by two stops — one at Kobe, where I met some old friends, and the other at Nagasaki, where I visited a large girls' school, in which I was much interested. We were in Shanghai nearly a week, and arrived in Foochow on Saturday, October 28th.

I found a warm welcome from Miss Newton and all the missionaries, and I now feel quite at home. There are many things I

would like to write about that must be deferred till another time, but I cannot refrain from telling you of one of the girls in whom I am already much interested. She is one of the older girls, and just at present much anxiety is felt on her account. Her own parents had too many girls, and did not care for her, and so gave her to a poor woman who for some years past has been a member of the church. Her husband is a miserable gambler, and I suppose that you or I would never think of applying the name home to the place where they live. The young girl has been in school for a number of years, and her behavior and apparent indifference to the truth, have been a source of great trial to her teachers. Within the past year, however, it is believed that she has become a sincere Christian, and would now gladly make an open profession of her faith if she were not hindered by the wicked father. His associates have been influencing him to take her away from the school, and she has told Miss Newton that this is positively the last term he will allow her to come. More than all, without Miss Newton's being aware of it, she has been betrothed to a heathen shop-keeper, who was willing to pay a good price for her because she had some education. Does not her future look dark? We can do nothing for her but pray that God will open some door, and especially that, by some means, she may be allowed to return next term, and to unite with the church.

I cannot tell you how much pleasure it gives me to feel that there are those across the water who are working with us, and on whose prayers we can rely. This is the reason I have hastened to tell you about this girl, instead of writing of more general matters, as I should like to have done.

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## Our Work at Home.

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LATENT FORCES.

BY MRS. S. B. PRATT.

WHEN God created this fair earth, called it "very good," and gave it to the children of men for a dominion, he did not show them at once all the riches of their inheritance.

There were hidden treasures stored away in its depths — treasures of beauty, of power, of knowledge — waiting the hour when they should be needed; and, when the fullness of time was come,

there has not been wanting the master-mind to unlock the secret doors, and bring to light that which was prepared from the foundation of the world.

Through long ages the coal-beds lay undreamed of in the bowels of the earth, black, silent, inert,—a vast reservoir of unused, undiscovered force; but when the hour of man's need came,—lo! the forethought of the All-Father was shown, and a million hearthstones were warm. Neither so are its hidden forces exhausted; from the same black mass man says, like Cæsar of old, "Let there be light," and there is light; from its dullness, "Let bright color come," and brilliant hues reflect back the sunset glory.

Why did the world wait so long for that helpful giant *steam*, to carry its burdens? And who dreamed when little James Watt mused over his mother's teakettle as it sang and sputtered over the fire, that the quiet little household fairy would prove the Titan whose gigantic strength should carry navies across the seas against wind and tide,—drag the ponderous train shrieking across continents,—turn the massive wheels that set all the world's factories in motion. The Titan always had the strength; it only waited to be used.

God's lightnings from the beginning enlightened the earth, and the world saw and trembled. It remained for one of our own countrymen to chain the lightning, till now not only does it carry man's whisper around the globe, but it turns night into day, relieves pain, even does our household errands, and is becoming one of our greatest benefactors.

The iron ore was always stored away in hidden veins, strong for man's implements of labor, waiting till the busy world called on it to take its place in the industry of the nations.

With slow and laborious care the old-time monk piously wrought out his manuscript copy of God's Word,—

"Weaving twixt the written lines,  
Sprays and leaves and quaint designs;  
Setting round its border scrolled,  
Buds of purple and of gold."

But the King's business required haste, and man's fertile brain invented a more excellent way. The printing-press took the place of the pen, and now see the wonderful machine, that seems almost endowed with reason, with its power to print, fold, and lay aside, in one hour, 30,000 copies of a newspaper, or 2,500 copies of the entire Bible.

To-day all these forces are combining and organizing to do

man's bidding. The coal from its glowing heart is sending out the mighty steam to drive the iron rods and pistons. The huge wheels are revolving; each little cog and valve and screw is in its place, doing its own work. And see, — spindles are whirling, shuttles are flying, saws are cutting, files are grinding, hammers falling, needles stitching, presses printing: with a whirr and a buzz and a roar like the sound of many waters, the grand, combined work of the world is going on; while the swift lightning catches up the message of good-will toward men, flying with it far under seas and over continents till all lands are one.

As in the natural world so in the spiritual. Not all of the Lord's rightful forces have yet become workers together with him. Perhaps in the time past the Master has not had need of them all; but has not the hour come for them to awake and put on their strength?

From the beginning, woman has been a power in the world. We wish it could be said that she had always used that power in the right direction; but while the long line of pious Hannahs, heroic Deborahs, faithful Jochebeds, wise Abigails, loving Marys, active Marthas, Bible-knowing Eunices, benevolent Dorcasas, and teaching Priscillas pass in goodly review, we cannot forget that our first mother tempted; that Sarah's beauty was a snare; that Miriam rebelled; that Jezebel made her queenly name a hissing; that Michar despised her husband; that good Martha, even, worried and grumbled.

Woman has always been, is to-day, must always be, a power in the world so long as children are of mothers born. But is there not still a latent force in Christian womanhood of which the Lord hath need? Have we not, in the women of our churches, enough undeveloped power to prepare in this generation a highway for our God?

Of this unworked, undeveloped mine of force, let us speak of three veins: latent financial power; latent mental power; latent heart power.

1st. Our unused financial strength. The \$155,000 given last year by the three Woman's Boards of our denomination in this country, would average only a contribution of half a dollar from each female church-member. Half a dollar to give our Christ to hundreds of millions of heathen women! Is this the measure of our love for him? Are the tithes all in the storehouse? Surely the converted heathen will rise in the judgment and condemn us, for we often find them giving out of their poverty a tenth, sometimes even a third, of their income to the Lord.

I know it is claimed that women do not have the control of

much money. This may be true in many cases, but are we being faithful over a few things? "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath;" and she who gives conscientiously and lovingly of her poverty, if it be but one cent, will receive the Master's smile. But let us not be too fond of sheltering ourselves behind the widow with her two mites, unless, like her, we are casting in all our living.

We can all call to mind, without going far from our homes, noble instances of generous giving.

I have seen a meek-eyed little woman, who earned but a dollar a week at domestic service, come with five dollars for the Lord's work with as glad a face as though she had fallen heir to a fortune.

A young man brought the other day, unsolicited, a considerable sum for the Woman's Board. "This is a large sum for you to give," said the recipient. "My mother trained me in that way," was the reply.

Mothers, are you all training your boys and girls in "that way"?

2d. Our latent mental force. If this nineteenth century movement of woman's work for woman had had no other result than the reactionary one on the workers, it would be worth all it has cost. How often have we heard it said of this one or that, "How wonderfully she has developed since she took up this missionary interest! I never saw such a change!"

Said one, recently, who has for years given days and nights of thought to this cause: "If I were simply going to consult the good of my own family, I would take the course I have taken: their quickened mental activity, their enlarged views of things, have been directly due to this."

Must it not be so of necessity? Can we be taken, as it were, into our Father's confidence, and shown the on-coming march of Christ's kingdom, without having our petty cares grow small, discontent and *ennui* driven out, and our minds enlarged by grand ideas?

Yet statistics show that only about one in ten of our Christian women are sufficiently interested in God's work for the world, to be even inactive members of a missionary society. "Where are the nine?"

Of necessity, all women should not be occupied with public meetings. God has given to every one her work. To some, that

"Safe, sweet place  
Behind the heads of children;"

to some, the invalid's sick-room, where the Lord's own hand shuts them in; to some, an all-engrossing toil for daily bread; to others, the infirmities of advancing years. Wherever we are, it is the Lord's place for us; but however retired the life may be, can we afford to be without the mental quickening that comes from an intelligent interest in this work?

Surely, with the awakened interest, there will be found in many a folded napkin latent talents now undreamed of,—gifts of pen, of speech, of leadership, or of organizing; something of which the Master hath need. We do not lose sight of the fact that this is too much an age of mental strain; that our children are forced in hot-beds of learning; that our young men and maidens are crammed with all the known and unknown ologies; that nervous exhaustion, insomnia, softening of the brain, insanity, have grown sadly familiar words;—but is there not a Christian quickening of the mental powers which rests while it stimulates, because it leans on Him who "giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might increaseth strength."

3d. And, most of all, we need an increased heart-power. "Though I speak with the tongue of men and angels," said Paul, "and have not love, I am nothing."

A girl in one of our schools in Turkey was asked what obstacle kept her from being a Christian. She said she was always sleepy in meeting, and if the sermon was not long enough, she was provoked because her nap was cut short. She was advised to pray many times a day, "Lord, wake me up physically, intellectually, and, above all, spiritually."

A few years ago there was in this city, connected with this church, a young man so uncultured—though evidently well-meaning—that the officers of the church felt compelled to advise him not to take any active part in their prayer-meetings. But his heart was on fire for Christ; like Paul, he could say, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." And who shall compute the power of Dwight L. Moody's work for Christ? It has received the Master's own seal.

There was another young man once in another city far away from here; a young man whose mental powers were quick enough, though they were all absorbed in entrapping the Lord's chosen ones. His heart awoke one day when Jesus of Nazareth met him, though he was so much a stranger to the Master that his first question was, "Who art thou, Lord?" His second, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" What that mighty, quickened heart-force did in the world, ask the Church on earth! ask the Church in heaven! Beloved, let us love the Lord our God and his cause "with

all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind, and with all our strength." Then let us

“ Work away,  
 For the Master's eye is on us,  
 Never off us, still upon us  
 Night and day.  
 Work away !  
 Keep the busy fingers plying,  
 Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying,  
 See that never thread lies wrong ;  
 Let not clash nor clatter round us,  
 Sound of whirring wheels, confound us.  
 Steady hand ! let woof be strong  
 And firm, that has to last so long.  
 Work away !

“ Work away !  
 For the Father's eye is on us,  
 Never off us, still upon us  
 Night and day.  
 Work and pray !  
 Work and prayer will be the sweeter ;  
 Pray, and work will be completer ;  
 Love, and prayer and work the fleeter  
 Will ascend upon their way.  
 Work away ! ”

PEOPLE who, with our improved postal service, have the letter-box at the street corner, can hardly appreciate the isolation of a missionary on the Congo, in Africa. He writes: “I intend starting off again this afternoon to post the news.” To do it he had to walk one hundred and forty miles, and then sail over one hundred down the river in a boat.

## WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

RECEIPTS FROM FEBRUARY 18 TO MARCH 18, 1883.

### MAINE.

*Maine Branch.*— Mrs. Woodbury S. Dana, Treas. Camden, Aux., \$12; Solon, Aux., \$11.50; East Machias, Aux., with prev. contri. const. L.M. Mrs. Austin Harris, \$17; Waterford, “Home School M. C.,” \$30; Greenville, Aux.,

\$20; Portland, Aux., Ladies of Bethel Ch., \$15; “Ocean Pebbles,” of wh. \$25 const. L. M. Miss Annie A. Gould,	\$32.86,	\$138 36
<i>Thomaston.</i> — Cong. S. S. Infant Cl.,		5 20
Total,		\$143 56



NEW HAMPSHIRE.

<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Miss Abby E. McIntire, Treas. Amherst, Mrs. L. K. Melendy, \$500; A Friend, given for chain sold at Annual Meeting, \$50,		\$550 00
<i>Atkinson.</i> —Mrs. Priscilla V. Markham,		2 00
<i>West Stewartstown.</i> —Mary L. Colburn,		9 40
	Total,	\$561 40

VERMONT

<i>Vermont Branch.</i> —Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Vershire, Aux., \$8; Burlington, "Helping Hands," \$40; Essex Junction, Aux., \$6.15; Danville, Aux., \$15; Grafton, Aux., \$13; Greensboro, Aux., \$8.30; Benson, Aux., \$25; Manchester, Aux., of wh. \$25 by Mrs. Esther Brown Spencer, const. self L. M., \$29; Quechee, Aux., \$15; Rutland, Aux., of wh. \$75 const. L. M.'s Mrs. Sarah P. Mitchell, Mrs. Lucretia A. Walker, Mrs. Miriam Barrett, \$88.39; Georgia, Aux., \$10; Orange, Aux., \$7; Cambridge, "Merry Workers," \$19,		\$283 84
<i>Mansfield.</i> —A Friend,		40
	Total,	\$284 24

MASSACHUSETTS.

<i>Andover.</i> —South Ch.,	\$50 00	
<i>Attleboro.</i> —"H.,"	5 40	
<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. S. N. Russell, Treas. Pittsfield, 1st Ch., Aux., \$4.81; "Coral Workers," \$50; "Snow-Flakes," \$5; Hinsdale Aux., \$16.23; "Mountain Rill," \$60,		136 04
<i>East Douglass.</i> —Cong. Ch.,	5 00	
<i>Essex No. Conf. Branch.</i> —Mrs. A. Hammond, Treas. Ipswich, 1st Ch., Aux., \$46; "Gleaners," \$7; "Little Mission Circle," \$30,		83 00
<i>Essex So. Conf. Branch.</i> —Miss Sarah W. Clark, Treas. Lynn, 1st Ch., "Young Ladies' Aux.," \$20; Danvers, Maple St. Ch., Aux., const. L. M.'s Mrs. Andrew M. Putnam, Mrs. Samuel P. Fowler, Miss Caroline W. Lawrence, \$75; Swampscott, "M. C.," of wh. \$25 const. L. M. Mrs. Mary R. Kimball, \$40.25; Peabody, Aux., Mrs. L. W. Thacher,		

const. L. M. Miss Anna R. Thacher, \$25; Middleton, "Young Ladies' Aux.," \$26.40,	\$186 65	
<i>Franklin Co. Branch.</i> —Miss L. A. Sparhawk, Treas. Greenfield, Aux.,		16 53
<i>Greenwich Village.</i> —Miss L. A. Parker,		1 40
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Isabella G. Clarke, Treas. Northampton, Edwards Ch., "M. C.," \$65; Chesterfield, \$12; Plainfield, with prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Solomon Clark, \$18; Amherst, Aux., \$184.72; "M. C.," \$115,		394 72
<i>Hingham.</i> —Evan. Cong. Ch.,		7 70
<i>Lowell.</i> —Thank-off., \$10; A Friend, \$2; Kirk St. Ch., A Friend, \$10,		22 00
<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. H. Warren, Treas. Holliston, Mrs. P. D. Bullard, const. L. M. Mrs. R. R. Bishop, \$25; Sherborn, Aux., \$5,		30 00
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Mrs. Franklin Shaw, Treas. Holbrook, Aux., \$40.77; Cohasset, Aux., \$25; Plymouth, Aux., const. L. M. Mrs. Eileen Congdon, \$100,		165 77
<i>Old Colony Branch.</i> —Miss Frances J. Runnels, Treas. New Bedford, "Wide-Awake Workers," const. L. M.'s Mrs. T. D. Cook, Miss May B. Bartlett, Miss Mary F. Hitch, Mrs. M. C. Julien,		100 00
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Boston, Mrs. L. A. Randall, \$1; Ethel's and Ted's pennies, \$1; Central Ch, Aux., \$32; S. S., \$45.39; Mount Vernon Ch., "Young Ladies' Foreign M. C.," \$153; South Boston, Phillips Ch., Aux., Miss Lucinda Smith, const. L. M. Mrs. Ellen S. Holmes, Baltimore, Md., \$25; "Pine-Needles," \$30; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux., of wh. \$25 by Mrs. Winthrop Sargent, const. self L. M., \$25 by Mrs. W. F. Day, const. L. M. Miss Elizabeth Morrissey, \$65; Immanuel Ch., \$10.98; Dorchester, 2d Ch., Aux., Mrs. Frank Wood, \$200; "Boys' Mission Club," \$9; S. S., \$17.16; Charlestown, "Winthrop Helpers," \$100; Somerville, Broadway Ch., \$32.10; Cambridgeport, Mrs. P. D. Moore, \$5; Prospect St. Ch., Aux., of wh. \$25 by Mrs. A. F. Frothingham, const. self L. M., \$120; Cambridge, Shepard Ch., Mrs. C. B. Grover, \$6; Brookline, "Precious Jewels," \$10; Mrs.		

Tyler, \$5; Newton, Eliot Ch., Aux., \$300; Auburndale, Aux., \$50; Dedham, "Broad-Oak Helpers," \$8; "Dime Soci- ety," \$1.55,	\$1,227 18
<i>Teuksbury</i> .—R. P. F., in mem. of Susie,	4 40
<i>Winchendon</i> .—Mrs. J. R. Humphrey,	5 00
<i>Woburn Conf. Branch</i> .—Mrs. N. W. C. Holt, Treas. Win- chester, "Seek-and-Save Aux.," \$25; Bedford, Aux., \$13.05; "Woburn Workers," \$7; Melrose, Aux., \$2,	47 05
<i>Wollaston</i> .—"Little Sunbeams,"	4 00
<i>Worcester</i> .—Mrs. E. C. Train,	5 00
<i>Yarmouth</i> .—Aux.,	10 75
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	\$2,507 59

## CONNECTICUT.

<i>Eastern Conn. Branch</i> .—Miss M. L. Lockwood, Treas. No. Stonington, \$17; Old Lyme, \$30; Norwich, 2d Ch., \$3.64; Broadway Ch., "M. C.," \$50; New London, 1st. Ch., "Church Improvement Soci- ety," \$33; Pomfret, Aux., \$21.40; "Little Women," 40cts.; Wauregan, \$20; Windham, \$3,	\$178 44
<i>Hartford Branch</i> .—Mrs. Charles A. Jewell, Treas. West Hart- land, Aux., \$9; Windsor Locks, Aux., \$50; Marlboro, "Willing Workers," \$9; Ber- lin, Aux., \$12; Enfield, "Helping Hands," \$40; Tol- land, Aux., \$10; Windsor, Aux., Miss Olivia Pierson, const. L. M. Miss Estella Northrup, \$25; Coventry, Aux., \$40; Hartford, Centre Ch., Aux., Mrs. Pliny Jewell, \$100,	295 00
<i>Hartford</i> .—A Friend,	40
<i>North Haven</i> .—E. A. Smith,	1 00
<i>Westport</i> .—Friends,	4 00
<i>Winsted</i> .—"X,"	10 00
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Total,	\$488 84

## NEW YORK.

<i>New York State Branch</i> .—Mrs. G. H. Norton, Treas. Bing- hampton, \$26.50; Bristol Centre, \$8; Deansville, Aux., \$20; Owego, Aux., \$15; Ho- mer, "M. C. Soc'y," \$20; Little Valley, \$6.50,	\$96 00
<i>Troy</i> .—"Desert Palm Soc'y,"	40 00
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Total,	\$136 00

## PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Mrs. Samuel Wilde, Treas. Coll. at Annual Meeting, \$33.96; New Jersey, Orange, Trinity Cong. Ch., Aux., \$18.50; "M. C.," \$10; Plainfield, Aux., \$20; Orange Valley, "Children's M. B.," \$32; East Orange, "Proctor M. C.," \$80; Jersey City, Aux., \$64.15; D. C., Wash- ington, Aux., \$37; Md., Balti- more, Aux., \$40.50. Ex., \$149.65.	\$186 46
Total,	\$186 46

## PENNSYLVANIA.

<i>Stevensville</i> .—In mem. Little Sarah, by Mrs. S. C. Adams,	\$7 00
Total,	\$7 00

## OHIO

<i>Springfield</i> .—Mrs. C. M. Nich- ols,	\$1 25
<i>Strongsville</i> .—1st Cong. Ch.,	10 00
Total,	\$11 25

## ILLINOIS.

<i>Dixon</i> .—A Friend,	\$ 40
<i>Mazon</i> .—A Friend,	80
Total,	\$1 20

## DAKOTA.

<i>Sanborn</i> .—Mrs. J. W. Donald- son,	\$1 00
Total,	\$1 00

## FOREIGN LANDS.

<i>Harpoot, Turkey</i> .—W. B., of Armenia,	\$15 93
<i>Vevey, Switzerland</i> .—Mrs. H. L. Olmstead,	2 00
Total,	\$17 93

General Funds,	\$4,346 47
Weekly Pledge,	2 85
Leaflets,	12 68
Total,	\$4,362 00

MISS EMMA CARRUTH, Treasurer.

# Board of the Interior.

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## TURKEY.

### GOOD NEWS FROM ADANA.

BY MISS LAURA TUCKER.

ADANA, TURKEY, Jan. 26, 1883.

You will be glad to hear that we are in the midst of a great revival. I wish Minnie were here, too. It would rejoice her heart. She has been longing and praying daily, as we all have, for a work of grace among the women. It is the result of years of effort that has seemed almost hopeless. And now the work seems to be going on almost independent of human effort.

Among the men here there have been for years almost deadly feuds, growing out of family difficulties, neighborhood troubles, vineyard quarrels, etc. For a long time some of the most prominent men have not been on speaking terms with each other. They would not sit down at the same table, or meet in any house. If one appeared, the other always disappeared, and without the salaâm which means so much here. The missionaries have felt that with so much hard feeling we could not look for a blessing, and they have made repeated attempts to reconcile the parties.

For weeks, now, the meetings—those for men and those for the women—have been increasing in attendance and interest. During the Week of Prayer the house was crowded every night. Since that time many of the quarrels have been made up. To show their sincerity, the parties have, in the presence of the congregation, confessed that they were wrong, and made peace with each other. It was very touching to see gray-haired business men come forward and ask forgiveness of each other. Reconciliations have taken place where no one except the parties themselves knew of the hard feeling. Last night, one who has been known as a hardened character arose and made a startling confession. He had used money that belonged to the church, and swindled in other directions; had led a vicious life; had resorted to drink. He declared his intention to restore, not “fourfold,” but as much again as he had taken, to those whom he has defrauded. This is one of many cases.

One morning as Mr. Christie and the servants, with the preachers, were having prayers in his study, the door was quickly opened.

A man, too excited to speak, threw himself on the lounge. After the service he controlled himself sufficiently to tell them that he had been a bitter enemy of the Protestants; had persecuted his brother; had done all that he could to hinder the work; had been a very wicked man in other matters. "Last night I went to church to find fault; but I looked on and listened. When I went home and went to bed I could not sleep. I felt that I was too wicked to even dare to ask for pardon. I got up in the night and walked the streets, and walked by the church. I could find no peace. At last, in desperation, I started to walk, I knew not where, until I heard the words of the hymn you were singing." He did not know that he was entering the missionary house: he only knew that we must be Protestants.

During the early part of the week an infidel, who came intending to break up the meeting, if possible, got up and made a confession. Since then he thinks that he has found Christ. He has been a great persecutor of our schools, and of Protestantism in general.

Can it be real? Are we dreaming? We seem to be in apostolic days. The Word is indeed the power of God. Last night, among the listeners were Greeks, Armenians, and Turks. Some of the Greeks have avowed their disbelief in the ceremonies of the old Church, and have made public confessions.

We rejoice that the work is not confined to the men; that the women are reached. Among them, too, there have been reconciliations. The work with them is more steady and gentle, but I think as deep. If any class of people in the world need the gospel, it is the women of Turkey. I have not realized that their case was so hopeful until last Sabbath, when a noon-meeting was appointed for them. Mr. Christie talked with them, and then left the meeting. He was scarcely out when four or five were on their feet. Before this awakening it was almost impossible to get any one to offer prayer in the woman's meeting. Their prayers were hearty and touching. The meeting lasted three hours, but the time did not seem long. When it was over, my feeling was that I had never been present at a meeting that would compare with it. They seemed to feel their need of a Physician. Since then we have had separate meetings for the women. Mr. Christie has led them, a student from the Theological Seminary leading those for the men.

Last night I was rejoiced to see six of our girls rise, and, after earnest confessions, offer their all to His service. They had been showing unusual interest in the Bible lessons, but I had not dared to hope that they were in such a state of mind. The young-

est of our four girl-teachers made a very earnest prayer. I think she is already a Christian. She was one of Miss Shattuck's pupils, and has been very earnest in her work—a bright girl, and I hope to send her to the seminary next year. Her name is Mariam. She comes of a very poor family, as most of our smartest girls do. She has but little education; yet, as a girl of good principles, and with exceptional tact for discipline, and in other ways, she has made herself an almost invaluable helper in the primary department of our city schools.

The wife of one of our prominent "quarrelers" came to me last night and asked me to accompany her to the house of a woman with whom she had a bitter difficulty. "I want to beg her pardon." "Had you not better go alone?" "I am afraid that she will turn me out of doors before I can get the words out of my mouth." I shall go with her as soon as I can.

More than a hundred are inquiring. Many are speaking of a new-found joy. Very affecting are some of the testimonies in the women's meetings as to the change in their homes. Two women said that before this revival their husbands were drunken and cruel, but now "kinder men cannot be found." Another, when I called on her yesterday, said, "My home was hell, but it is heaven now." Wearisome has the sowing been, as I and all can testify who have worked in Adana; but how joyful the harvest! Would that Miss Proctor, Miss Shattuck, and Mrs. Coffing could be here.

But I must go to the house of the woman I have mentioned; then to school; then make more calls. Almost always now there are in our house those who have come to talk of the way of life. Many faces that we meet are shining with a light that is not of earth.

A letter from Mrs. Christie, written two weeks later, gives more of the good news from Adana:—

The revival, of which we wrote you last week, still continues, the work having broadened and deepened. Mr. Montgomery joined us on Saturday last, and is preaching nearly every evening on the great doctrines of the spiritual life—last evening a crowded house to hear a sermon on "The New Birth." In the prayer-meeting which followed, one hundred rose for prayers.

We are now meeting opposition from the non-Protestant Armenians, their priests threatening them, and forbidding them to attend our services; but their course advertised the movement, and increases our attendance.

Many sad cases come to our knowledge of wives who are kept

away from us by their husbands. We hold two meetings each week, especially for the women; the attendance is large, and the interest in these constantly increasing. Yesterday the young preacher gave a sermon on prayer (text John iv. 24), to which one hundred and fifty women listened attentively for nearly an hour; after which forty arose for prayers, among them fifteen who had come for the first time to a Protestant service. Miss Tucker and myself began, some time since, to visit from house to house, especially among non-Protestants. These visits almost invariably result in the coming to our next meeting of representatives from nearly every house visited. Miss Tucker went last week to Tarsus, with Mr. Christie, and is now at work there, while I am continuing to do what I can here. Many native women, also, are visiting in the various wards of the city. Mr. Christie reports having found the Tarsus church in a very cold state; but there are hopeful signs, especially among the women.

Love to you all, and the special request that you will pray most earnestly for Adana and Tarsus, not forgetting us who represent you here. We shall try to write you again soon.

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## CHINA.

### AN AWAKENING IN THE BRIDGMAN SCHOOL.

LETTER FROM MISS HAVEN.

PEKING, Jan. 8, 1883.

TO-DAY is the day of our praise-meeting — and it has been a praise-meeting indeed. But I must begin some time back, if I want to tell you about it. For some time I have noticed a change in the school. Ever since I became familiar with it there have been frequent cases of reviling, quarreling, and various exhibitions of temper. Miss Chapin thought we had had enough of this, so she one day announced that things must start on a different basis. All girls who did not care to mend their ways could go home, and only those could remain who would really try to do right. Pressure was brought down on all willful offenders. Some left the school. There were three girls especially whose influence we dreaded. Two of them were outwardly irreproachable, so they could not be sent away. The other was always getting into broils. She soon left. Her sister was sick, she said. We have heard since that this was a fiction. It is said that her mother took her to sell her; but we are not sure it is true. After she left we soon noticed a different aspect in the school. Still, there were

the two who made us uneasy, and both of them church-members. One was a perfect iceberg, so far as true feeling seemed to go, though outwardly faultless. Another, the smartest girl in school, had a scornful, bitter face — an expression to make one tremble. In course of time the first of these was taken ill, and was obliged to go home; so there remained only the girl with the scornful lips. In every way things seemed to brighten. We noticed the expression of their faces change; among them the face of this girl, the leading mind in school. One day her older sister, a ladylike, pretty, but by no means a bright girl, spoke to me about how much she would like to be instrumental in bringing the gospel to the people, and how she was trying to commence here in the school in trying to stop quarrels, and so on. A short time after this, Miss Chapin, in going out to inspect, after the last bell, heard a voice in one of the rooms. She went up to reprove the girls, when, on drawing closer, she recognized the voice of Te Sa, the scorner, in prayer, evidently leading the others. This was a revelation. We saw many things after that that seemed to show a change, so that we both could say, in laying our plans for the Week of Prayer, that we expected a blessing. Yesterday Miss Chapin took the girls who have already joined the church, over to the union meeting at the Presbyterian Mission, while I was to have the rest with me at home. When the girls heard that I was to stay with them, they asked if I intended to have a prayer-meeting. Now, I had not been intending to, but I thought if they wished it, that would alter the case. So I left the question with them. "I am afraid," one said, "that if we pray, people will say we are hypocrites." "Whom do you pray to, and what do you pray for?" I asked. She saw my meaning at once. "But we can't pray very long prayers," they said. "So much the better," said I. So I told them to talk it over among themselves, and if they really wished a prayer-meeting, I would lead them. The next day, Sunday, at three o'clock, I had them come into my room. I read them of the crucifixion scene, and the groups at the cross, the jeering soldiers, and the sea of upturned mocking faces; then of the weeping band of women and disciples. But when the sun became darkened, and the earth trembled, as the Saviour breathed his last, even the centurion exclaimed, "Truly this was the Son of God." A true confession, but too late — they had already killed him; and leaving him hanging on the cross, dead, the crowd dispersed, beating their breasts — a tardy repentance. Then I told them that we now stood at the foot of the cross, and asked them to ask their own hearts to which group they belonged. We had several prayers — some, girls who had

never before prayed in public. The last one broke down in the midst of her prayer, and I finished it. Then I said if there were any who wished to become Christians, they might come to me, one by one, after the meeting was dismissed. The first that came was a girl who made us much trouble — Ling Erl, a girl of low family, but a bright child, and as independent a thinker as we have ever had in the school. She said she wanted to be a Christian, because she was afraid of going to hell. The earthquake (a slight shock we had a few weeks ago) made her think of the realities of hell, and she dared not be other than a Christian. I fear she had not much of an idea of love in her heart. Next was our little orphan, Yi Hsien, or Mosesana, as Mrs. Smith called her, because her husband and Dr. Porter picked her out of the canal in a dying condition, when they were down in Shantung in the time of the famine. She is a sweet child, and I could well believe her when she said she had a little love for Jesus in her heart already, and trust her sincerity all the more when she said that she felt she did not love him as she ought, and wished to love him more. Next was poor little stupid Chai, the daughter of an opium-smoker. She is a good little thing, but very dull and very timid. She answered my questions as if she were reciting a lesson; but afterward, in following me in prayer, she was weeping. Both the cut-and-dried formulas in which she replied to my questions, and the tears, may have proceeded from the same cause, timidity, so I do not know what to think. Then followed Lo Yi. Her confession seemed genuine and spontaneous. She told of a time when her heart was first stirred, years ago, when she was a member of another mission-school, by hearing a native Christian girl tell the story. She was only a baby then, but she had wished ever since to be a Christian, and lately Te Sa's prayers had seemed to work a change in her. Te Sa had wished her to pray, and the first night she could not at all. The second night she could a little; but now she had a whole heart full to pray about. And so I could see when she came to pray. She knew I only wished her to ask for the one thing, but she did it so earnestly that I could see her whole heart was there. It was the same way with Lo Yi's special friend and chum, Fei Pi. Fei Pi is Te Sa's youngest sister, and had the same story to tell of the influence upon her. She also spoke of the earthquake, and of a Buddhist book they had seen depicting the horrors of hell; but her manner seemed very different from Ling Erl's, in describing her terrors. It was not fear alone. Her prayer, too, was real pleading. Little Yuni Tzu, who followed, has been in school only a short time — not long enough to really understand about sin and the Saviour. But her coming showed that she was at least trying



to do right, and we can readily believe it. She is one of the sweetest, least troublesome girls in school, if she is a beggar's child.

By this time the girls were back from the afternoon meeting, and it was their supper-time. Miss Chapin said others came to her afterward saying they wished to be Christians. The next was a rare day in school, for there were such beaming faces and helpful ways. At twilight some of them came to me to describe the day. "Oh," they said, "we have been so happy all day! There has not been a single quarrel." Some confessed they had been inclined to say something cross; but then they remembered they were trying to be Christians, and stopped. It made me tremble, almost, to see their joy. It seemed so easy then to be a Christian, and one who has been over the way knows what a rough path it is. But God, who has commenced, will carry forward. Miss Chapin's wise and consistent management lies back of this change, and back of that, still, the prayers of all who love the school. I feel we have much to be thankful for.

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## Home Department.

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### STUDIES IN MISSIONARY HISTORY.

1883.

THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

BY MISS S. POLLOCK.

How did God provide for the rekindling of missionary zeal in the American churches after the War of Independence? Were any missionary societies formed in this country previous to the organization of the American Board? Were any missionary publications issued? Were any missionaries sent to foreign lands? Is woman's influence anywhere visible among the causes that led to the formation of the Board? What agreement did four young men make with each other while members of Andover Theological Seminary? What was the outcome in 1810? How many were present at the first meeting of the American Board? What were the receipts of the first year? When did the first missionaries sail? For what country? What orders did they receive on their arrival? Why did Messrs. Judson and Rice separate from the others? Where

did they find their field of labor? Where did Harriet Newell die? Where did Hall and Nott go? With what reception did they meet? When was the mission to Ceylon commenced? By what missionaries? Who was the first missionary of the American Board among the Indians? Among what tribes? What encouragement did he receive from President Madison, on his visit to Washington? What place did he select for a site that afterward became famous? What two missionaries joined him immediately? What results did the Treasurer of the Board witness on his visit, eighteen months after the establishment of the mission? What two distinguished visitors suddenly appeared at the door one day in 1819?

The following books and pamphlets will be found helpful in the study of these questions: "History of the American Board," by Tracy, published by M. W. Dodd, New York; "Memorial Volume of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions;" Bartlett's Sketch on the "Origin of the American Board;" "The American Board: What is it?" by Dr. Humphrey (send to 112 West Washington Street, Chicago). Reports of the American Board previous to 1830.

The lesson for June will be more especially on the establishment of the Missions to the Sandwich Islands; Revivals in Ceylon previous to 1830; Indian Work — Revival among the Cherokees.

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#### THE PILGRIMS SET FORWARD.

ON Thursday, March 15th, a farewell meeting was held in the Young Men's Christian Association parlors, at Farwell Hall, to give greeting and God-speed to three missionaries about to sail for China. Mrs. Sprague and Miss Diament are returning to Kalgan, after a season of rest, and Miss Flora J. Hale, of Oak Park, goes out to Pao-ting-fu. Mrs. E. W. Blatchford presided, and opened the meeting with the hymn, "More Love to Thee, O Christ." After precious words of promise from the old prophets had been read, Mr. Lloyd, of Ravenswood, led in prayer. Mrs. Blatchford then introduced the missionaries one by one, and asked them for a word of farewell. Miss Hale expressed her joy in being permitted to undertake so blessed a work, and her anticipations of delight in it.

Miss Diament gave some incidents of her life in Kalgan, under the shadow of the Great Chinese Wall. The young ladies present listened with interest, for one pier of their bridge\* rests upon Kal-

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\* "I have only a few moments to plan a bridge for you across continents and Oceans—a bridge so long that we cannot find the key-stone to its won-

gan, and the home they are building there is to be the home of Miss Diament, and their missionary physician, Miss Virginia Murdock.

Mrs. Sprague spoke of Kalgan as a post of the great Russian highway, over which teas are exported, and showed how it was becoming a highway for our God. Many instances have occurred in which Bibles bought in Kalgan by men from the mountain regions, have proved to be "a savor of life unto life" to those who obtained them. A missionary, on one of his tours, was surprised to be greeted as a Christian brother by a man he had never seen. A Bible purchased on the streets of the city had taught him to believe in Christ; but he had never even heard of a church organization. When asked if he had been baptized, he said that that had been one of his greatest difficulties. He had thought of it week after week, and at last one day in a heavy shower, thinking that the rain came down from God in heaven, he went out, bared his shoulders to the pouring waters, looked up and said: "Lord, I believe. I pray Thee to baptize me in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost." And always after that he felt that he was truly baptized.

Dr. S. F. Smith, author of the hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," who has recently visited many distant mission stations, then gave some of his impressions of missionary life, describing it as one of the happiest, the most useful, and the best of all lives, though the busiest. The journey out was, he said, only a few weeks of seclusion alone with God, on his mighty ocean, with the glory of his starry heavens above us; the new home one of peace; the new language to be learned — only what every child of two or three years has accomplished with no effort. And three hundred words are enough to bring a soul to Christ. He told the story of a Karen visiting this country with a returned missionary, to whom some

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derful arch; a bridge with one extremity resting upon the city of Guadalajara, the other upon the city of Marash; with lesser arches over the islands of the South Pacific and the Great Wall in China. I am to give you hints of work along the lines, suggestions in building, all to be carried out by the young architects of the Northwest. Five thousand dollars will be asked, from the Young Ladies' Societies, for 1883. The work to be accomplished with this amount is substantially as follows:—

For the outfit and salary of a missionary in Mexico . . . . .	\$1,000.00
For a school-building at Ponape, in Micronesia . . . . .	1,000.00
For a school-building, and for the salary and dispensary work of a lady physician, in Kalgan, China . . . . .	1,260.00
For Marash . . . . .	1,051.16
For the "Morning Star" . . . . .	688.84

—*Extracts from Mrs. Purington's address to the Young Ladies' Societies, at their annual meeting.*

friends gave a small bag of gold, for the purchase of any little comforts he might need. Holding it up in his hand he said, "This no my money; this Jesus' money;" and he took it home, built a school-house with it, and his wife became the teacher. The moment when, at the close of his remarks, Dr. Smith took the hand of each one of the missionaries in turn, with words of fellowship and farewell, was one not to be described. The blessing of a father, the loving farewell of a brother, and the prophetic benediction of a saint of God, were all expressed in his glowing words. And when he bade them good-bye till their journey should end at the gates of pearl, the veil seemed very thin, and that heavenly home very near. Dr. Humphrey reminded us that the promise, "They all shall be one," was being wonderfully fulfilled in this Baptist benediction given to Congregational missionaries; and after loving words of fellowship from Mrs. Clark, formerly of the Sandwich Islands, and of farewell in behalf of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, from its Secretaries, this never-to-be-forgotten meeting was brought to a close.

WHILE things look so encouraging abroad in Turkey, China, and Japan, how is it at home? Is the treasury overflowing, to meet the increased demands which success implies? How about that pledge for \$40,000? March 18th, when five months of our financial year had gone by, our receipts were \$11,500, which is not much more than one-quarter the desired amount. This means, that in the second part of our fiscal year we must work three times as hard as in the first half. Our best working-months are behind us. "If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength;" but wisdom is profitable to direct. Let us both "whet the edge" and "put to more strength." The Lord is working mightily, and permits us to share the blessedness of hastening his triumphs.

"Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him, be jubilant, my feet!  
Our God is marching on."

—Words from our Treasurer, in "Advance" column

#### LEAFLETS OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE INTERIOR.

	Each.	Doz.
Aunt Mehitable's Account of the Annual Meeting. Miss Sarah Pollock . . . . .	\$.10	\$.75
Ten Years' Review. Mrs. E. E. Humphrey . . . . .	.06	.50
Literature of Missions. Mrs. L. C. Purington . . . . .	.05	.50
Young Ladies' Manual for Foreign Mission-Work . . . . .	.05	.50
Tamil Women. Mrs. H. K. Palmer . . . . .	.03	.30

RECEIPTS OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE INTERIOR.

MRS. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

FROM FEBRUARY 18 TO MARCH 18. 1833.

OHIO.

OHIO BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. H. Ely, of Elyria, Treas. *Belpré*, for pupil at Harpoot, 23; *Brooklyn*, pupil at Samokov, 19.21; *Chagrin Falls*, 9.50; *Chardon*, "Y. L. B. Soc.," for the "\$5,000 Bridge," 8; *Cincinnati*, Vine St., 100; *Clarksfield*, Nellie Rowland, for Marash, 2; *Elyria*, "Little Helpers," for Morning Star, 25; *Kinsman*, for Miss Maltbie, 8; *Lorain*, for Miss Maltbie, 6.73; *Madison*, 33; *Mt. Vernon*, "Y. L. M. Soc.," 20; *Ripley*, "Busy Bees," const. L. M. Mrs. A. A. Gates, 25. Less expenses, 2.27.  
Branch total, \$277 17  
*Cincinnati*, 7th St. Ch., "Boys' Mission Band," for Miss Collins's sch., Dakota [forwarded to the A. M. A.] 9; *Fowell Buxton S. S.*, primary class (colored), for Japan, 2, 11 00  
Total, \$288 17

MICHIGAN.

MICHIGAN BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. H. Lathrop, of Jackson, Treas. *Alpine* and *Walker*, for sch. at Monastir, 15; *Bellevue*, Mrs. Hance, 5; *Cooper*, for Dindigul Sch., 30; *Detroit*, Woodward Ave. Ch., S. S., const. L. M. Mrs. J. S. Dewey, 30; *East Saginaw*, 75; *Galesburg*, for Dindigul Sch., 27; *Leech Lake*, Minn., Mrs. J. H. King, 5; *Paint Creek*, 5; *Sandstone*, 4.60; *Union City*, 10; *Ypsilanti*, 12.40. Branch total, \$219 00  
*Alamo*, 2; *Detroit*, Rev. and Mrs. Jeremiah Porter, const. Miss Mary Porter, of Beloit, L. M., 25; *Pottersville*, Mrs. B. Sanders, 2, 29 00  
Total, \$248 00

ILLINOIS.

ILLINOIS BRANCH.—Mrs. Luther Bradley, of Aurora, Treas. *Abingdon*, "Missionary Gleaners," 12; *Amboy*, 20; *Aurora*, 1st Ch., "Y. L. Soc.," for "The Bridge," 5; *New England Ch.*, Aux., 28; "Helping Hands" and "Little Thumbs," for Marash, 50;

*Boumanville*, Aux., for Sch. in Erzroom, 5; "Mission Band," for same, 5; *Buda*, 14; *Canton*, Aux., 13.80; "Y. L. Soc.," for Marash, 32; *Cambridge*, "Young People's Mission Circle," for "The Bridge," 10; *Chebanse*, 3.70; *Chenoa*, 8.30; *Chicago*, "from a Friend," 10; 1st Ch., Aux., for Miss Patrick, 100; "Young Woman's Soc.," for "The Bridge," 58; *Leavitt St. Ch.*, 15.89; *Lincoln Park Ch.*, "Y. L. Soc.," for "The Bridge," 65; *South Ch.*, 27.40; *Union Park Ch.*, for Miss Haven, of wh. 25 from Mrs. M. E. Haven, const. L. M. Miss Carrie Danforth, and 25 fr. Mrs. F. A. Noble, const. L. M. Miss Mary B. Wells, 225; "Y. L. Soc.," for "The Bridge," 62; *Clifton*, 4; *Creston*, 3.50; *Elmwood*, "Young People's Soc.," for Marash, 1; *Evanston*, 1st Ch., for Miss Porter, 212.40; *Galesburg*, 1st Ch. of Christ, 31.25; *Granville*, 10.50; *Hamilton*, for Matron of Marash Sem., 7; *Jacksonville*, for Miss Evans, 25; *La Moille*, 5.25; *Lyonville*, 17.40; *New Windsor*, for teacher at Samokov, 21; *Oak Park*, for Miss Hale, 88.95; *Oberlin*, Mrs. A. A. Sturgis, 2; *Oneida*, "Y. L. Soc.," 2.25; *Quincy*, for Marash Library, 15; *Rockford*, 1st Ch., "Y. L. Soc.," for "The Bridge," 45; *Sheffield*, 15; *Stillman Valley*, "Merry Gleaners," for work of the Juniors, 30; *Sycamore*, 20; *Tolono*, Mrs. L. Haskell, 10; *Turner*, 23; *Udina*, 5.38; *Waverly*, for Miss Evans, 12; *Wayne*, 2.55; Branch total, \$1,379 52  
*Blue Island*, for Miss Haven's work, 6.25; *Chicago*, Legacy of Mrs. Harriet B. Whittlesey, 110; *Bethany Ch.*, "Y. L. Soc.," for "The Bridge," 30; *Lincoln Park Ch.*, "Mission Band," 2 10; *New Eng. Ch.*, for Miss Chapin, 15; *Plymouth Ch.*, Aux., for Miss Barnes, 275; "Young People's Soc." of wh. 34.50 for Marash, 37.40 for Miss Barnes, 71.90; *South Ch.*, "Y. L. Soc.," for "The Bridge," 17.60; Miss *Hattie Bliss*, const. self L. M., 25;

Tabernacle Ch., 2; Western Ave. Ch., for Erzroom Sch. 10; total from Chicago, 558.60; *Hinsdale*, 8.25; *Maywood*, "Union Soc.," for Mexico, 4.27; *Paxton*, Mrs. Bushnell, 2; *Pecatonica*, 7.22; *Ravenswood*, "Y. L. Soc.," for "The Bridge," 35; Aux., const. Mrs. Helen C. Lloyd L. M., 25; *Toulon*, 9 25, \$655 84

Total, \$2,035 36

## WISCONSIN.

WISCONSIN BRANCH.—Mrs. R. Coburn, of Whitewater, Treas. *Brandon*, 5.90; *Elkhorn*, "Children's Mission Band," const. Miss Addie Edwards L. M., 25; *Green Bay*, Ladies of Pres. Ch., const. Mrs. E. A. Eastman L. M., 25; *Kaukauna*, Aux., 3.37; S. S., 3.25; *Milwaukee*, Grand Ave. Ch., "Y. P. M. Soc.," 18; *Plymouth* Ch., "Mission Workers," for "The Bridge," 100; *River Falls*, Mr. Miles L. Kellogg, const. Miss Lella J. Blakeslee L. M., 25; *Ripon*, const. Mrs. Ada C. Merrill L. M., 25; *Stoughton*, Mrs. E. B. Sewell, a Thank-off., const. self L. M., 25; *Waupun*, 16.89. Less expenses, 5.53. Branch total, \$266 81  
*Durand*, "Mission Circle," for Hadjin Sch., 3; *Evansville*, R., for Miss Wright's horse, 1; *Geneva, Lake*, "Y. L. Soc.," for Markarid Krekorian, 20, 24 00

Total, \$290 81

## IOWA.

IOWA BRANCH.—Mrs. E. R. Potter, of Grinnell, Treas. *Burlington*, for Bridgman Sch., 10; *Des Moines*, for Miss Hillis, 30; *Genoa Bluffs*, for Miss Hillis, 360; *Le Mars*, "Cheerful Givers," 8.60; *Lions*, "Little Workers," 5; *Toledo*, Mrs. E. N. Barker, for Hadjin Sch., 5; *Wilton*, Aux., for Miss Day, 5; "Little Workers," for Miss Day, 10. Branch total, \$77 23  
*Keosauqua*, "Willing Workers," for Bible-reader Tillipally, 16; *Sabula*, for Miss Day, 7, 23 00

Total, \$100 23

## MINNESOTA.

MINNESOTA BRANCH.—Mrs. J. W. Strong, of Northfield, Treas. *Afton*, 5; *Glyndon*, 9.25; *Mantorville*, 3.38; *North-*

*field*, for Miss Emily Brown, 87.10; *Wahpeton, Dak.*, for same, 3.25; *Walnut Grove*, 8; *Wauseca*, 11. Branch total, \$126 98  
Friends in Minnesota, for some one to assist Miss Collins in her work in Dakota [forwarded by the W. B. M. I. to the A. M. A.], 228 51

Total, \$355 49

## MISSOURI BRANCH.

Mrs. J. H. Drew, 3101 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Treas. *St. Louis*, Pilgrim Ch., of wh. 25 fr. Mrs. S. M. Edgell, const. Miss H. Louise Chamberlain, L. M., and 50 fr. Mrs. C. L. Goodell, const. Mrs. G. C. Adams and Mrs. A. K. Wray L. M's, 100; "Pilgrim Workers," 1.50; *Webster Groves*, Aux., 25; "Bearers of Light," 4.75, \$131 25

Total, \$131 25

## KANSAS BRANCH.

Mrs. F. P. Hogbin, of Sabetha, Treas. For Miss Wright: *Bavaria*, 2.50; *Brookville*, 4.50; *Ottawa*, Mrs. F. A. Wilkison, 4; *Sabetha*, "Monday Club," 20.73; for "The Bridge," Cornelia Hubbard, Cherokee Co., 5, \$36 73

Total, \$36 73

## DAKOTA.

*Preston*, \$4 00

Total, \$4 00

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN BRANCH.

Mrs. P. F. Powelson, of Cheyenne, Treas. For Miss Brooks: *Cheyenne*, 35; *Rock Springs*, 6, \$41 00

Total, \$41 00

## CHINA.

*Peking*, Bridgman Sch., "Mission Band," \$2 00

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Sale of leaflets and envelopes, 29.41; Cash, 1.65, \$31 06

Total, \$31 06

Receipts for the month, \$3,564 10  
Previously acknowledged, 7,943 05

Total since Oct. 22, 1882, \$11,507 15

# Board of the Pacific.

←♦→  
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MRS. W. IJAMS.

MRS. W. C. POND.

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**Auditor.**

E. P. FLINT, Esq.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 15, 1883.

WE have been breathing the bracing air of the Delectable Mountains. First came Miss Gouldy, Miss Hooper, and Miss Danghaday, bringing inspiration with them, on their way to service in Japan. Miss Wood, formerly in Turkey, came from her resting-place by the sea to greet us, and her enthusiasm lingers with us still. Mr. Hagar was ordained here for the work in China. Missionaries from other Boards gave us outlooks through their lenses of hope or accomplishment. But from the valley came the old depressing question, "To what purpose is this waste?" from those who forget that "the field is the world." Suddenly the west wind wafted ripened grain to our very feet, as if to strengthen our faith by giving an earnest of that great harvest when the angel reapers shall gather in the fruitage of earth for the triumphant Christ. "On the wings of mighty winds," and amid the raging of the sea, God worked out his purposes of love for us, and we seem to hear the still small voice whispering those tender words of old, "O ye of little faith." Early in December last, the American ship "Northern Light" discovered a boat floating helplessly, which contained four men and one woman, who proved to be natives of one of the South Sea Islands, from which they had been driven by storms and adverse winds about six hundred miles. The captain wrote to the *Japan Gazette* that these poor creatures were hauled upon his ship more dead than alive, when, lo! they fell upon their knees and reverently gave thanks; then they sank upon the deck in a state of utter exhaustion. Every effort was made to revive them, and they soon fell into a profound sleep. The woman beckoned to the captain's little boy; but before the child could reach her she was in the land of dreams,

During their long rest the boat was secured, and all that belonged to them was cleaned. At length they awoke, and one

of the younger men said in English, "Where ship bound?" "For Japan," was the reply. "Shlip no stop at Apemama?" was asked, and they were promised that if possible they should be landed on their own island; but in any event they should be cared for. The man — Whaggie — responded, "Captain, I thank you." As only a few English words were at their command, communication with them was limited; but their living Christianity was proved in many ways. The captain ascertained that seven of their number had perished; and thinking they might once have been cannibals, he asked if they had eaten their companions, as they were in such a starving condition. But they responded with a gesture of horror, and signed to him that they wrapped their dead in the clothing they wore, and buried them in the sea. The oldest man of the party refused brandy, though suffering extreme exhaustion, repeating his only English words, "Me missionary," while pointing to himself and then to heaven, thus expressively recognizing his Lord and Master.

After a week of sailing, the shadows of evening fell upon the ship within forty-five miles of Apemama, in the Gilbert group. The rescued ones joyfully expected that the morning light would shine upon them treading the shores of their island home. During the night-watches the three younger men were singing psalms as they walked arm in arm upon the deck. But it proved that the equatorial current had borne them away in the darkness, and the captain could not consistently return. Another attempt was made to land them on a neighboring island; but the sea was fluttering, and safety required their departure from the dangerous coral reefs. At length the mast-head lookout sighted another island; but this time alarm was shown by the dusky travelers. They expressed a fear of cannibals if compelled to land there. Storm and darkness cut off the possibility of communicating with the shore, and the humane captain did not feel justified in sending them off in their boat to danger, and perhaps to death. His decision to take them to Japan was received with demonstrations of thankfulness and joy. Whaggie asked if they should ever see Apemama again, and intimated that the king would be pleased to pay money for them. The captain succeeded in making them understand that they would probably be returned, "boat and all," at some future day. During this voyage a child was born to the only woman of the party, but very soon it died. After their arrival at Yokohama a purse of five hundred dollars was made up for their benefit, and they were brought to San Francisco, consigned to the care of Mr. Flint, financial agent of the American Board, as the first step of their homeward journey. Unconsciously



they brought to us inspiration and new courage in our work. We found them to be of noble physique and quick understanding. Their lips could utter few sounds intelligible to us; but in many ways they expressed delight at the strange scenes into which they had so unexpectedly entered. They showed great amusement during their first ride upon the cable cars which glide so smoothly over the steep hills of San Francisco; and some of them examined the track, and sought for the source of the propelling power. The woman was feeble, and arrangements were made for her and her husband to rest a day or two in a hospital for women and children. Everything that the sympathetic hand of woman could do for their comfort was done by Physicians, nurses, and the thoughtful matron of the hospital; which attentions were received with manifest gratitude. The sheets were smoothed over and over again by the dark hand with evident satisfaction, as the woman's tired head was laid upon the pillow. But after awhile they both became restless, and all the long night they wailed and howled after the custom of their people in distress. They were possessed with the idea that they were never to be restored to their companions, and all efforts to reassure them were unavailing. The next morning the woman was found alone, her husband having secretly departed. Search was made for him without success; but after several hours he appeared with one of the other men, having found the ship after traveling the breadth of the city in his distress. As they disturbed the other inmates of the institution, they were removed as soon as possible to another place. At their departure, repeated demonstrations of gratitude and affection were given by the islanders to those who had ministered to them. There was a session of our Bay Conference of Churches at the time these strangers were in town, and they were taken there when the collation was nearly over. Their plates were heaped with choice viands, and they were entreated to eat; but they sat perfectly still until an opportunity was given them to ask a blessing, it being impossible to inform them that thanks had been offered before their arrival. Afterward they sang a hymn; and as their wild strains had a resemblance to Ortonville, the congregation sang to them,—

“Majestic sweetness sits enthroned  
On my Redeemer's brow;”

to which they listened with manifest pleasure.

Never did the quaint, devout old hymn seem more tender, nor the sacrament which followed more like the everlasting feast, than at this hour, which seemed to us an earnest of that glorious time seen in prophetic vision: “Lo, a great multitude, which no man

could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

With a thrill of joy we saw, perhaps with clearer vision than ever before, the blessedness of our missionary work. Only eight years ago the island of Apemama was one of the most savage of the Micronesian Islands. The king refused to allow missionaries to land, but was induced to listen to the truth from the lips of a native teacher, who had been instructed by Mr. Bingham, the veteran missionary of the American Board. The New Testament had been translated into a written language which was constructed for the islands of that group, by Mr. Bingham; and every word of the sacred Book was copied by the patient hand of his wife. A Testament of that first edition, which was prepared under difficulties almost insurmountable, was in the hands of these wanderers, from which they daily read the words of eternal life. A gentleman called to see them here, and found them engaged in reading it. They simply recognized his presence, and reverently finished their devotions before expressing their intense delight at his visit. Reverence was a noticeable characteristic of these converted islanders.

Their visit and that of our missionary friends have quickened our sensibilities, so that we feel more surely the drawing of that golden chain that binds us to the work in all the world. The angels can trace many links of strength and beauty which are hidden from our sight. The prayers offered in secret, the self-denying efforts with which many small sums are cast into the treasury, the patient carefulness which keeps running the machinery of mission-work in many a small town where only a few gather together to watch for the morning, — all these are written in the book of God's remembrance. What will be the joy in heaven of those who hear "the new song" from the lips of such as these to whom they have given the Word of life! Then, no repulsive visage will appear in the company of the redeemed. No saint will sit in silence, as did these friends from the Southern Seas, because no one can understand their words, but communion will be perfect, the glory of the spiritual body like to that of Christ; and there, in his near presence, shining as the stars forever and ever, while they cast their crowns at his feet in an ecstasy of joy unending, will be those faithful ones who have turned many to righteousness, by obeying the command to preach in all the world the gospel of the crucified and risen Christ.

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ART. III.—The object of this Society shall be the collection of money for missionary purposes, and the cultivation of a missionary spirit among its members.

ART. IV.—All money raised by this Society shall be sent to the Treasurer of the WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS, for the purposes of their organization.

ART. V.—Any person may become a member of this Society by the payment of ——— annually.

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